

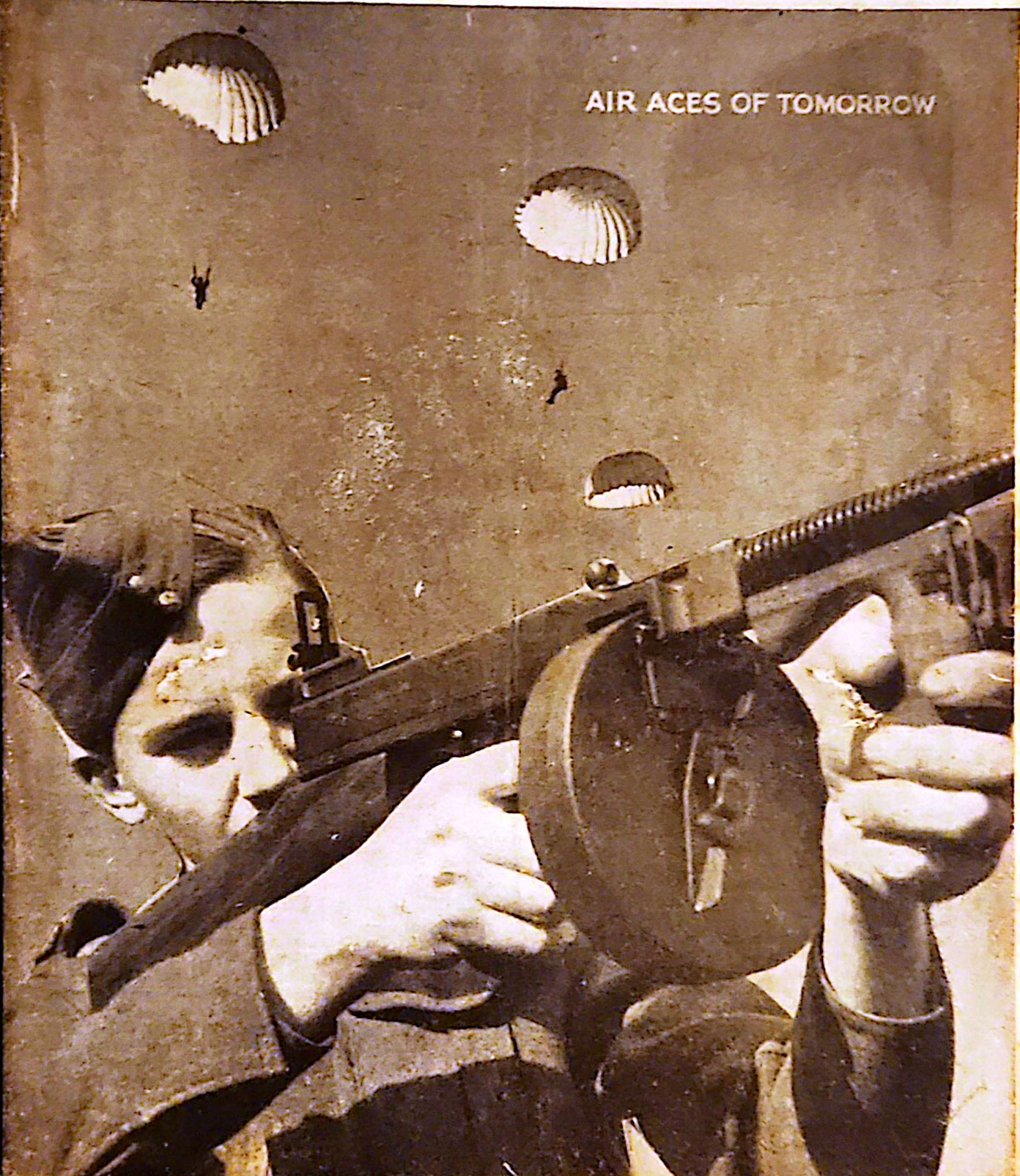
Challenge

CHALLENGE Youth Weekly, Saturday, November 22, 1941.

Britain's
YOUTH
Weekly

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AIR ACES OF TOMORROW



Challenge

Vol. 7 [Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.] No. 47

Telephone : Editorial, TERMINUS 5839
Business, TERMINUS 5836

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"The climax of American ship-building in 1943 should complete the masses of new shipping required for the final military operations of the Allies." (J. L. GARVIN.)

THE key words are "final operations" and there is no harm in Garvin or anybody else speculating as to the date and circumstances of the "final operations." But, if the conclusion to be drawn, is that from now until 1943 we are to concentrate on preparations in order to make up for the "time lag" in production, then let us say that time waits for no man, and that the outcome of the present struggle will be decided in 1942 and not in 1943. It may be that the war will not have ended before 1943. The outcome will most definitely have been decided before then. Furthermore, it will be decided on the soil of Europe and not of any other continent nor in any of the great oceans, however important and supplementary a role these may play.

IT is in the further development and outcome of the struggle of the Soviet people that our destiny lies. It is in Europe alone that the German army must be completely

destroyed. Almost half of it has been put out of action already by the Soviet people. Most of the other half is battering away in the East at the present moment.

If we can now confidently assert that we have air parity with the Reich, it is largely because the Soviet people have dealt crippling blows to the Fascist air force. If we are holding our own in the Atlantic, it is because more than half the German submarine fleet is in the Baltic and Barents Sea.

IN dealing with some of the reasons for the temporary military setbacks of the Red Army, Stalin, in language that everybody understands, described:

"A situation where the Germans, considering their rear in

Britain Must Strike Now

the west clear, have the possibility of marching their troops and the troops of their allies in Europe against our country. The situation now is such that our country is waging a war of liberation alone without military aid from anyone, against the combined forces of the Germans, Finns, Rumanians, Italians and Hungarians."

It is a scandal and a matter of national shame that we have not even yet declared war on Finland, Rumania and Hungary. Stalin continues:

"There is no doubt that the absence of a second front against the Germans in Europe, renders the position of the German army considerably easier, but never can there be any doubt that the appearance of a second front on the continent of Europe—and it must appear in the nearest future—will render substantially easier the position of the Red Army to the detriment of the German army."

The newspapers referred vaguely to Stalin "hoping" for a second front "somewhere." Stalin was quite explicit—"a second front must appear in the nearest future on the continent of Europe."

IT is all the more alarming that the "strongest" opponents of a second front are those people who, but two years ago, favoured a different kind of second front and wanted to send 100,000 British lads, as ill-equipped as was the rest of the B.E.F., at that time, to fight against the Red Army. It is because this gang, called the "Men of Munich," are in the Government that the people are uneasy still and are not satisfied by stirring speeches and bright parliamentary debating points.

Neither should anyone be kidded, as apparently the Editor of the *Sunday Pictorial* was last Sunday, by Major-General Fuller. After quoting Stalin's request for a second front, the General, in an article, proceeds to explain that "there is room in Russia for half-a-dozen fronts, a point which amateur strategists seem to have missed."

If it comes to that, there are five active fronts already in the Soviet Union—the northern, the north-west, the western, and south-west and the southern. By that reasoning, however, we should be calling for a sixth front. Stalin meant what he said—a second front in Europe, quite apart from any British help in reinforcing the Soviet front.

Fuller was the foremost exponent of mechanisation for the British Army and one of Britain's ablest generals in the past.

However, being a parliamentary candidate of Mosley's Fascists, and holding Fascist views for a number of years, it is only natural that his present military outlook should be clouded by his political desires.

THROUGH the fog and smoke-screen of other issues and arguments, and in spite of the off-handed dismissal of the People as "amateurs," the issue of the second front in Europe emerges more clearly than ever before as the central political and military task for our country. The sooner the Prime Minister reorganises the Government and proceeds in that direction, the speedier our victory.

MICK BENNETT

DICK NETTLETON, Apprentice leader says:—

High Wages? —IT'S NONSENSE

"The National Arbitration Tribunal has rejected the claim for increased wages for boys and youths under the age of 21 (other than apprentices) employed in the engineering industry."

The Times, Nov. 7.

"Instances multiply of abnormally high wages paid to boys and workers. What is referred to as 'Big money' has become a characteristic of this war as it was the last."

Nottingham Evening News.

THERE seems to be a contradiction somewhere. On the one hand, certain newspapers and organisations like the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, have been

WHAT SHE THINKS

WE sent a cutting about "high wages" to a girl factory worker in Pontypridd. This is her reply:—

"I think it is disgusting when you see things like this printed in the papers.

"New girls, where I was working, start at 17/-. Most of them come from up the valleys, and there was bus-fare and hundreds of other things to come out of it and we had to work darned hard to get that 17/-.

"The largest wage I ever had was £1 12s. and that was half "holiday wages."

"If I ever see the chap who spoke about "high wages" I will give him a piece of my mind." LILLIAN FAIR.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

running a violent campaign on the subject of the "high wages" received by youth. On the other hand, the Engineering Unions have been negotiating with employers for wage increase for young engineers.

Putting it bluntly, the wages received by a young engineer or apprentice, are rotten.

There are, it must be admitted, individual instances of very high wages among youngsters. They are few and far between. To emphasise these, when the great majority of youth are earning such small money, is putting the question in a distorted way, to say the least.

THE facts about wages in the Engineering trade, for apprentices and youth working in federated shops can be seen from the following table:

14.....	14/6
15.....	15/6
16.....	19/11
17.....	22/11
18.....	28/4
19.....	37/3
20.....	45/-

All these figures are for a 47-hour week. It is clear that an enormous amount of overtime and piece-work bonus would be necessary to bring this up to the £5, £6, or £7 alleged in some quarters.

The A.E.U. proposed that these rates should be increased by just over 10s. per week. Still a long way from being "big money."

And yet this excuse, of "excessive wages," was used by the employers recently when they rejected the Union's proposals.

IT is claimed by some big-wigs that the increase in juvenile

crime can be traced to "high wages." This is just plain nonsense.

Lack of recreational facilities and clubs; lack of opportunity to give service in leisure time; excessive hours and tiring work, are the cause of

many outbreaks of "high spirits" among youngsters. And an additional reason, very often, is that the wages paid to youngsters are inadequate.

After expenses have been deducted from the wages there is little left for recreation and enjoyment.

Energy, therefore is directed into "inexpensive" channels. In the vast majority of cases, youth finds a job to do, helping the war effort.

But where the Youth Service movement has not caught on some youths get up to mischief.

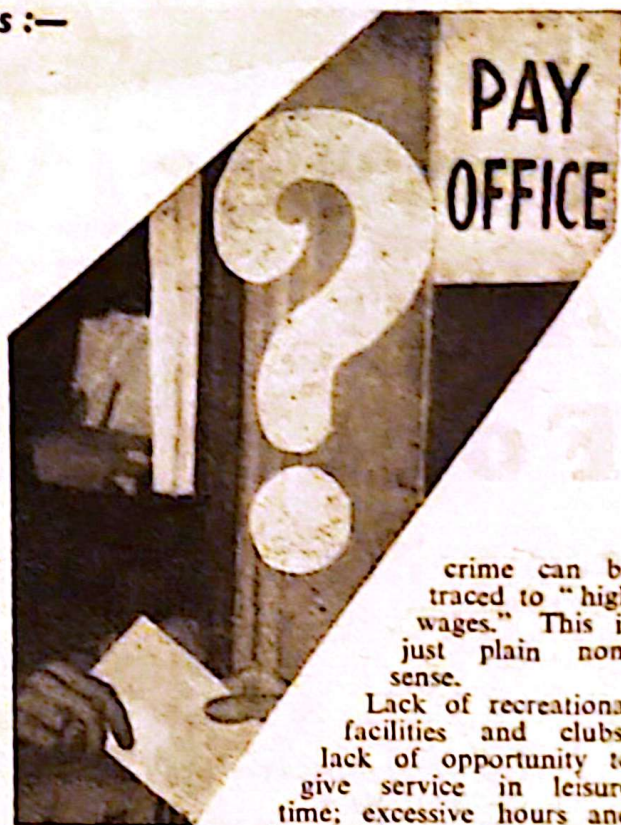
It's bad. We don't agree with it. But a whole lot of it could be changed if there were a more reasonable approach to youth problems.

Certainly the problem isn't overcome by prating about "measures to stop high wages."

OVER a month ago the young engineers of Britain sent their representatives to a conference in London. The conference pledged young engineers to participate in full in the nation-wide effort to increase production.

The young engineers of Britain, no matter what happens, will work and slave and fight if called upon, until Nazism is no more.

But it is only just, in the name of all we are fighting for, that this chatter about "high wages" should be ended, and the lads should be guaranteed a real, living wage.



Soviet Air Force

LESS than a hundred miles away the guns were booming and fierce fighting was raging.

In the Red Square, defying the Luftwaffe, Red Army men and workers took part in the Anniversary Celebrations of the October Revolution. Overhead planes of the Red Air Force guarded the lives of the thousands below.

The planes were part of an air force which the German radio has "annihilated" time and time again.

The pilots were men such as Junior Lieut. Startsev, who after missing a Nazi bomber with his machine-gun fire, rammed the enemy.

WHEN Lord Beaverbrook came back from the U.S.S.R. he told of the Stormovik, one of the latest types of planes which is being used in the defence of Moscow.

The Stormovik dive-bomber is a low-winged, single-engined, all-metal monoplane which is built specially for making low-level attacks on enemy troops and targets. Its designer is Ilyushin, world-famed for his skill and honoured by the Soviet Government for his services.

The high performance and value of Stormoviks was shown when Capt. Tafutin, nicknamed the "tank destroyer," flew over a district where German reinforcements were concentrated, and after a fierce battle with field and machine-gun fire, destroyed ten tanks and smashed fifty motor vehicles.

THERE is in the U.S.S.R. a network of experimental stations and laboratories, which plan and design new types of planes, engines and carburettors.

On the vast front are many different types of modern Soviet aircraft.

For night fighting there is the D1-6 two-seater night fighter. This night fighter has proved to be the master of the German night bombers. It has six machine-guns and can reach a speed of 240 m.p.h.

Soviet bombers, medium and heavy, have also proved effective. The C.K.B.-26 medium bomber can reach a speed of 240 m.p.h., has a range of 500 miles, and carries a bomb load of 1,100 lbs. Something on the style of our own Whitley, it is fitted out with a Wright Cyclone 1,000 h.p. engine, and with a good armament.

A PAGE OF FACTS by L. K. V. Ruben

Another medium bomber is the S.B.2, which carries a crew of three, can reach a speed of 270 m.p.h., has a range of 500 miles, and carries 1,000 lbs. of bombs.

The German High Command know something of the S.B.2. An earlier type saw service in Spain, and there proved its capabilities.

One of the heavy types of bombers is the L-760. With six 1,000 h.p. engines supporting this giant of the air, it has a very long flying range and can carry an immense amount of bombs.

THE Soviet has a number of single-seater fighters, such as the "I" series.

Some of these, in Spain, met with success against the German and Italian planes. Now, with many improvements to them, they are harassing the German fighters and bombers once again.

There is the I-15b, which reaches a speed of 250 m.p.h., carries four machine-guns, and has racks for bombs under the wings.

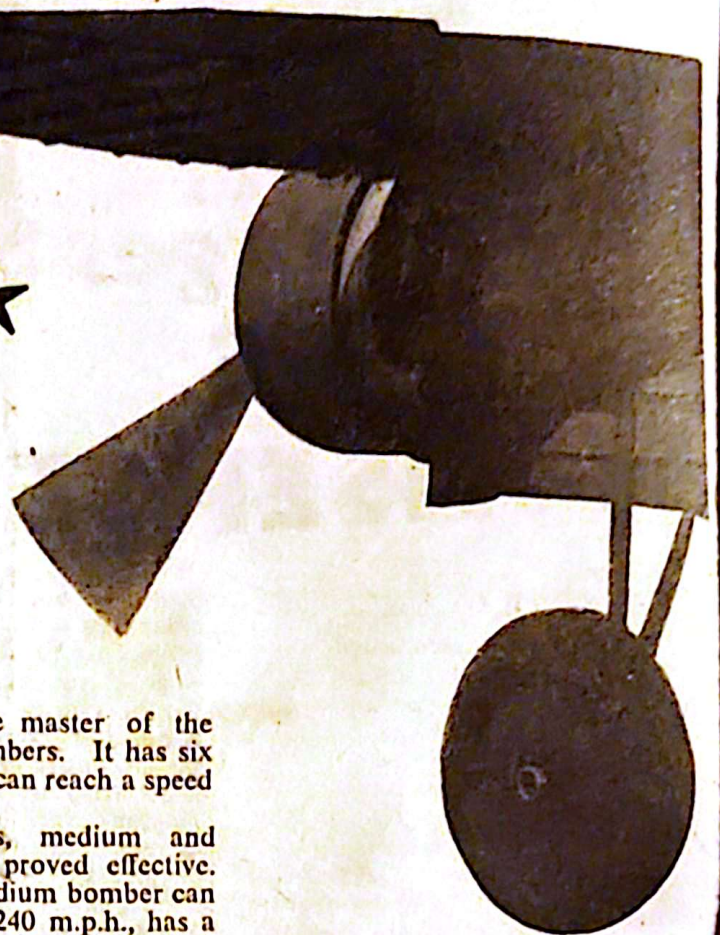
The I-16b reaches a speed of 290 m.p.h. and carries cannons as well as machine-guns.

The I-17, faster than the I-15 or I-16, has a speed of 310 m.p.h., has one cannon and four machine-guns.

PILOTING Russian planes are many famed Soviet pilots. Vodopyanov, for example, noted for his Arctic flights, is piloting a bomber on the Moscow front, and has taken part in raids on Germany. R.A.F. men in Russia have commented on the skill and courage of their Soviet comrades.

Red Air Force pilots have earned the respect and love of the allied peoples. They are justly called the Red Air Falcons.

Hitler's wishful thinking with regard to the Russian Air Force is rebounding on to his own head. He has learned to hate and fear the men who are tearing the Luftwaffe from the Russian skies.



Tribute to a Bombardier

This moving tribute came into our office from the lads of a Searchlight Battery somewhere in the North of England.

BERT REED was our D.C. You may have heard or read about him—not as detachment commander of a searchlight site, but as Herbert Reed, native of Sunderland, posthumously awarded the George Cross for gallantry on the high seas.

Bert was our bombardier. First impressions were apt to be deceptive. With his pale, rather drawn features, high forehead and thinning hair, one thought of a schoolmaster. But Bert was anything but that.

I recollect the time when a new officer was detailed to our troop. He charged Bert to see to this, that, the other and anything else going, in order to "keep the men at it." To all of which Bert retorted: "And can I have a whip, sir?"

ON another occasion I overheard him reply to an officer who had complained that the men weren't carrying out orders to the letter: "The men are *my* concern." And this precept he carried out in practice. Always "mucking in" with the lads, whether digging pits or filling sandbags he was ever ready with a light-hearted quip or word of encouragement.

Naturally, life on a searchlight site for one so active in body and mind was bound to prove irksome. When orders came up requesting volunteers for service on board merchant trawlers as Lewis gunners, Bert was one of the first to apply for a transfer.

It meant relinquishing his rank, which he had earned on sheer merit, but this was a minor consideration for Bert.

Bert's death moved all of us. The manner of his death was, as it were, the culmination in practice of every ideal he held.

THE B.B.C., in describing his act as a "selfless" one, pictured very vividly how he carried his first mate down from the companion-way to safety under the sweeping machine-gun fire of enemy fighters.

He had been badly hit himself by the low straffing enemy planes, his abdomen being ripped by flying bullets, but he carried out his task.

"By his action," the report ran, "he gave his life in saving that of the first mate." No more fitting epitaph could be his than Lenin's noble meditation:

"Man's dearest possession is life. And since it is given to him to live but once, he must so live as to feel no torturing regrets for years without purpose: so live as not to be seared by the shame of a cowardly and trivial past: so live that dying he might say: all my life and all my strength were given to the finest cause in the world: the fight for the liberation of mankind."

—Bert Reed—we salute you. In your spirit we shall conquer.

Your Chance

TODAY we announce TWO COMPETITIONS exclusively for *Challenge* readers. We will give a book prize to any letter from a reader on either of the following subjects:—

WHAT I THINK ABOUT THE WAR

THE MOST EXCITING MOMENT IN MY LIFE

The very best letters will receive a bound volume of *Challenge* for 1940. All letters which win prizes will be published. Closing date for both competitions is THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11. Letters should be no longer than 150 words.

To Win a Prize

YOUTH CENTRE THREATENED

(by a Special Correspondent)

A YOUTH CENTRE, with over 600 members, has been ordered to close down. A youth centre run by its members, which has just got its own Youth Service Corps formed and is only waiting the Council's instructions on the most urgent jobs, before it swings into action.

I got the news from Mr. Frank Tucker, Secretary of the Southgate Youth Centre. Mr. Tucker works in a huge engineering war factory during the day and puts all his spare time into the Youth Centre, which he and a few other enthusiastic young people started last February.

WHO is responsible for the order? Yes, that's what I asked when I heard about it. Mr. Marshall, the Secretary of the Community Association, whose premises the club uses, gave them three days' notice to quit. Mr. Marshall, is also Secretary of the Borough Youth Committee.

The reason given is that two members of the Management failed to turn up at an Executive of the Association. This meeting

was on a Saturday afternoon, when both the members concerned were working—on war work. Nearly all the members are engaged on war work and now they are faced with a winter of cold, cheerless, blacked-out nights, with nowhere to go for recreation. In addition, soldiers of a local Army unit which uses the Centre, will find a source of recreation denied them.

MEMBERS of the Centre have taken immediate action. They have the support of the members of the neighbouring Youth Centre, Wood Green. Local citizens and members of the Centre are writing to the press and Council, opposing Mr. Marshall's action.

By the time this appears in print the Centre's organisers hope to have won the day. But the point is this:

Why should it be possible for one man, or several people for that matter, to close such a Centre against the wishes of the members?

This sort of undemocratic action should be stopped. M. M.

A Complete Story

STRANGE INTERLUDE



THE German soldiers lay in the copse with stomachs pressed close to the ground, their breath heavy and laboured. They were somewhere in the vast No Man's Land that comprised the entire front between the opposing German and Soviet Armies, out on reconnaissance for possible Russian Forces.

From behind the foremost tree the officer scanned the desolate waste that once had been rich earth. Ahead was flat land the soil ravaged by tank tracks and pock-marked with shell holes ending in a ridge about three hundred yards away beyond which were believed to be the Russian troops. This patch of ground offered their last chance of bringing in the prisoners they had been ordered to take. It was as barren of life as the moon.

Signs of Life

"Looks like we've drawn blank this time," muttered the Nazi commander, "We'd better be getting back." His keen eyes roved the whole horizon nervously. It was dangerous for German patrols even in daylight on this front. The Red Army men had an uncanny knack of surprising and eliminating units such as this and life was still dear to the officer.

"Just a minute, sir," exclaimed the soldier beside him, "I'm certain I saw something move over there."

The group froze as hard as the ground, every man watching the

large lipped crater with straining eyes.

"Are you sure, Gruber?" asked the officer irritably.

"Certain, sir."

His superior rubbed a stubbly chin in thought. "Better make sure," he decided. "Schwarz, get out there and investigate."

Caught!

Trooper Schwarz started out. He knew why he had been chosen. Suspected of left wing tendencies he was always given the jobs which

By Challenge Reader
BOB SILVER

carried the greatest chances of death.

Schwarz did not flinch now. Rifle in hand he crawled across to the shell hole as quickly as he could. It seemed like hours before he arrived.

He did not fear death, but he was not anxious to die from a Russian bullet.

He neared the lip of the crater rising about two feet above the surrounding ground. Squirming up, he tried to peer into the hollow. He could see nothing from his

position. He put a hand over the rim to pull himself higher. As he did so something gripped his arm and wrenched him into the pit.

The next instant he lay looking up at a Red Army man and a bayonet not two inches from his throat.

Coincidence

The set, tense look on the Russian's face faded suddenly. "Rudolph," he cried in astonishment and pulled the blade away.

The German sat up, gazing at the other with dawning recognition. "Mikhail—you of all people," he gasped.

Mikhail Sholenov, his friend of that unforgettable trip to the Soviet Union in the days when it was still safe to be a socialist in Germany! His astonishment at the amazing coincidence overwhelmed the miracle of his life being saved.

Then he glanced swiftly round with hot, fear-filled eyes. Except for two corpses stretched close beside them they were alone. For the moment they were safe.

The Soviet soldier was gazing at him with a puzzled, disgusted expression. "Rudolph, you in Nazi uniform?" he breathed.

Schwarz smiled mirthlessly, his glowing eyes filling with grim hate. "I'm no Nazi, Mikhail. It was either this or a concentration camp

and what could I do there? Among my comrades I can still work for the day of release."

The Red Army man searched the other's face. "I should have known better than to misjudge you, even for a moment, comrade," he said formally. It sounded hollow, unconvincing.

"Then we're still comrades, as we swore to be in Moscow so long ago?"

Mikhail smiled now, his strong determined face lighting up with pleasure. "Still comrades, Rudolph."

Desert?

"You'd better desert," said Mikhail.

"Can't do that," said Rudolph slowly. "They're waiting for me to take you prisoner out there. Eleven of 'em."

"We can take care of them," said Mikhail jauntily.

Rudolph smiled at the confidence in his tone. "No," he said. "I've got to go back. And report that there's no one here. You see," he added, seeing the questioning look in the other's face, "my job is to carry on the fight on the home front; undermine from within—you know the stuff. Some of us have got to carry on."

Mikhail grinned. "O.K. Have it your own way. You go back. I'll try and find my unit." He held out his hand. "Good luck, Rudolph," he said.

"Goodbye," said Rudolph, and his throat felt tight and choky. "See you after the war." He turned and slithered out of the crater.

Mikhail's eyes, sympathetic and yet bitter, followed him. "Poor devil," he thought. "We've got to beat those fascist swine."

TROOPER SCHWARZ reported to his superior laconically. "That verdammt hole is full of nothing but dead Russians. Not even a paper or identification of any sort on them."

The officer regarded Gruber balefully. "Wrong again," he grumbled. "You want some glasses. Let's be getting back."

BRAINS TRUST

Q. What is the answer to the point of view that if Britain became Socialist or Communist and other countries did not do the same and refused to trade with us, then our people would starve, since our country is not self-supporting.

A. Once Fascism is defeated by the British-Soviet Alliance (and this is the first task) the conditions in European countries for far-reaching social changes are likely to be considerably more advanced than in this country. The question therefore would be more likely to be one of a Socialist or Communist Europe (including, we may hope, Britain) than simply a Socialist or Communist Britain in isolation.

A Socialist Britain would mean the liberation of India and the countries of the Empire; and those countries under progressive national Governments would find it to their advantage, to enter into close economic relations with a Britain which did not attempt to exploit them.

The existence of the Soviet Union means that a Socialist Britain would not be isolated and the close relations of these two great countries would make a combination which need fear no enemies or economic difficulties.

The extension of food production (which agricultural experts already declare could be rapidly doubled if vested interests were cleared out of the way) and the full utilisation of science and invention could meet any temporary siege conditions.

The high technique and industrial development of this country, the skill of its workers and the economic needs of other countries at varying stages of development, would mean that in practice the bogey of an all-round blockade by all other countries could never be realised. It would be possible to organise the exchange of industrial and agricultural goods with other countries although they might be under a different social system.

If Britain were organised on the same lines as the Soviet Union we should be much better equipped to meet both the problem you mention and the problems of our present position.

R. PALME DUTT,

Q. Who do you consider the greatest all-round cricketer after W. G. Grace?

A. A question that is likely to catch any batsman out! I consider George Hirst (Yorkshire) takes the honour, with Wilfred Rhodes (Yorkshire), Frank Woolley (Kent), and Maurice Tate (Sussex), running him close.

GEORGE SINFIELD.

Q. What book do you recommend as a good introduction to Philosophy?

A. "Historical and Dialectical Materialism," by J. Stalin.

QUESTION-MASTER.

Q. What book do you recommend as a good introduction to Psychology?

A. A general introduction is MacDougall's "An Outline of Psychology," 6th Edition, 1933; "Psychology, A Study of Mental Life," by Woodworth (11th Edition, 1937), gives a more scientific approach to the subject.

V. INYAYT KHAN.

Q. Why is such a lot of attention paid in the U.S.S.R. to hydro-electric power?

A. This is a very economical power. The water does the work. Once you've arranged your machinery, to use the weight of water falling from one level to another, and convert it to electricity, all you have to do is to maintain the machinery. You don't have to keep using human power to dig out coal or draw up oil as in utilisation of other powers. The water just keeps on flowing.

In the U.S.S.R. they have many mighty rivers and great waterfalls, and no obstacles of vested interests "owning" and selling other powers like coal or oil who would object to the competition of water. Indeed the more water they use, the more power for everybody with proportionately less effort. Hence, obviously, they use it.

IVOR MONTAGU.

An officer in the Air Training Corps describes the life and problems of the lads whose consuming thought is

IF I ONLY HAD WINGS



Our lecturers include a retired naval officer, a bus driver, Technical Institute lecturer, G.P.O. electrical engineer and a Secondary School Physics Master, who all know what they're talking about. We have borrowed a film projector and a supply of R.A.F. films is now forthcoming.

The squadron is affiliated to a R.A.F. station about 10 miles away, and this tangible link with the Air Force means a great deal, providing a definite incentive and making both officers and cadets feel that we are very near in time and spirit to the senior Service. R.A.F. officers lecture to us when they can spare the time.

At weekends the whole squadron is taken by R.A.F. lorries to the aerodromes and swarms in and out of hangars, planes and mess, helping in workshops if there's the chance, bombarding Staff with questions, but nobody seems to think us a nuisance.

The biggest thrill of all comes when the pilots, who seem as excited as our cadets take them up on flights as passengers. Many of the pilots are astounded by the aeronautical knowledge displayed by the cadets, as by the R.A.F. slang "ground gun," "Mae Wests," etc., which slips from the tongues of more susceptible members with such a glibness as if they knew the air road to Berlin and back blindfolded.

Improvements Needed

There are still quite a number of things that could do with improvement and the officers I've met agree with me in having some grouches.

First, there's the question of expenses. The squadron gets a grant of 10s. per annum for every "efficient" cadet and £1 for those who get a "proficiency" certificate. This barely covers expenses and it seems wrong that for such an important official movement we should have to beg of local wealthy patrons for funds.

Then, our travelling expenses when we visit factories, etc., are very heavy and fall unjustly on the poorer boys.

Secondly, we think that with the approach of winter cadets should have a greatcoat supplied. They are beginning to look as blue as their uniforms on the parade-ground.

We would dearly like to be supplied with some decent technical books for a library of our own.

We have no canteen because we can't get any food for it. It is very bad to see the

In the first place the officers are, in some squadrons I know, chosen because they're a pal of the Mayor's or an ex-army officer. They love to strut about and let the civilian instructors—the Cinderellas who can't get a commission because they're not that "class"—do all the hard technical instruction.

I welcomed the announcement that the A.T.C. was a "Broad highway to the

School master was broadminded. There is no difference between his boys and the factory hands. In the nearby district, the school is quite independent and regards itself as an officer-producing machine like the Officers Training Corps at public schools.

Teach Them Maths

Then I found the Committee of ex-Mayor type and snobs were grading the boys into future officers or "ground crew" according to their education and "class." The invariable retort I found to any argument was that aircrew candidates for the R.A.F. must have a standard of Maths equivalent to School Certificate.

They couldn't imagine that part of the reason for the existence of the Corps was to give boys a chance to get to that standard, or that any elementary school boy could learn anything in two years!

If Maths is to be the only bar to a commission, then we've answered it already in my squadron. We would like to see employers giving 2 and 3 hours each week for the purpose of learning Maths at a local Sunday school. After all, it's work of national importance.

There's no guarantee either that when a cadet gets into the R.A.F. they will take any notice of his A.T.C. record in granting commission or grading for aircrew. If the A.T.C. cadet sat for an Air Ministry examination and passed he should automatically pass as aircrew candidate. One cadet of mine who had passed the Proficiency Certificate, went to join up and the authorities insisted that he go into the Army!

Intelligence and commonsense, courage and stamina, have been proved in this struggle not to be confined to one class. It isn't the "personality" or "charm" or "accent" guiding the controls and bombs that's going to win the air war against the Luftwaffe, but accuracy of navigation and aim and the sooner it's realised the better.



A.T.C. lads on an R.A.F. Station

boys coming straight off the job and doing P.T. or an hour's lecture without a square meal before or after.

These are some of the big problems in our everyday life and I'm sure they have driven some of the boys away.

Class Distinction

The biggest grouse is that class distinctions are creeping in where they have no place.

R.A.F." To me it meant that we could help all youth of this country to get a chance of promotion, *on merit*, in the R.A.F. and the obliteration of the old school tie dividing "aircrew" from those baser beings "ground crew." This is true to a certain extent.

But it depends on two factors, the attitude of the officers and the willingness of the R.A.F. to play their part. As an example, in my own district, the local Grammar

Attached to R.A.F.

The squadron now has two officers and over a dozen civilian instructors. The cadets attend "parades" three times a week and would come every evening if they could. The instruction, which includes theory of flight, mechanics, navigation, meteorology, Morse, is as practical as possible and with the aid of an aero-engine, several old motor engines and some "scrounged" equipment, there are no complaints about "stodgy" lectures or note-taking.

In the World of Sport

"Aid for Russia" Tourney by Famous Amateurs

BOXING for the love of doing so, and anxious to prove their admiration of the Russian people, a number of well-known amateur fighters will appear at Seymour Hall, Marylebone, London, on November 29.

All the proceeds have been earmarked for Mrs. Churchill's Aid for Russia Fund.

So there are the two ingredients necessary to guarantee a bumper success—the show is as excellent as the purpose.

If you want to see some honest-to-goodness fistcuffs, and at the same time know that your admission costs will help provide some essentials to the Russian people in their glorious fight, you can satisfy your desires by supporting the show personally, and getting others to do so as well.

Champs on Parade

Soldiers, airmen, policemen, firemen, labourers and amateurs of other trades are to box on the bill. Several are champions.

Three six-rounders feature R. C. Thomas (A.P.T.S.), the 10st. 7lb. champion, and Sergeant Shackell (R.A.F.), D. O'Sullivan (London Electric Railways) and Private A. Benson, H. Holdsworth of Slough and S. Riches of West Ham.

That famous amateur, V. Stuart, holder of the British heavy-weight title on three occasions, will represent the Fire Service in an inter-club tournament with the A. and F. Divisions of the Metropolitan Police. His opponent is S. Stevenson.

Honours to Titmus

Credit for staging this splendid sports venture must be handed to Police Constable J. Titmus. Helping him is Alf Sawyer, known to amateurs throughout the world.

Titmus had a long and victorious career. He held the police heavy-weight championship three times, and had no fewer than 22 fights with V. Stuart. He is one of the props of the Amateur Boxing As-

sociation, and is secretary of the A Division Metropolitan Police B.C.

Deserves Success

A few of the paid men who swapped punches with him in training spars are Maurice Stribling, Primo Carnera, Tommy Farr, Ben Foord, Walter Neusel and Max Baer.

If Titmus was a statesman and not a policeman, he doubtless would translate his sympathy with our Russian Allies by organising some real fighting on another kind of front. Be that as it may, his show deserves widespread support.

Prices of admission are: 10s., 5s., 3s. 6d. and 2s. Tickets can be had on application to P.C. J. Titmus, Canon Row Station, London, S.W.1.

by the
Sports Editor

The Big Event

There are other boxing shows in the offing that are set aside for the purpose of raising money in support of Aid for Russia funds, but the big sports function that should set the town alight is the international football match between England and Scotland at Wembley on January 17.

This is an event that YOU can get working upon in order to make positively sure that the gate limit—75,000, I believe—is reached. The game can be made to be a huge demonstration of popular enthusiasm for aid to Russia.

Scots Decline?

Mention of the game is an opportunity of commenting upon Scottish football. I have been asked the reason why Scotland has fared so badly against England this last couple of seasons.



Famous Army boxers will fight at the Seymour Hall "Aid for Russia" Show on Nov. 29. Picture shows a group of Army lads in training. (Topical).

There appears to be one fundamental cause: most of the Scottish stars are working in factories, and have not the same opportunity of getting into a prime condition of fitness as do English players, who are mostly in the Services.

Lucky Mills

Freddie Mills, the new star shining down from the heavens of paid boxing, is a lucky fellow to have a handler like Ted Broadribb. Mills is matched against Tom Reddington, and next month, December 8, tops the bill at the Albert Hall against Jack London.

His tie-up is interesting. If he beats London, now recognised as contender to Len Harvey's heavy-weight title, he automatically takes first place on the waiting list. If he beats Jock AcAvoy, named by the Boxing Board as his opponent in an eliminating light-weight title bout, he then meets the same Harvey, who holds both the British and Empire titles.



£1,000

speed it UP!

DEAR FRIEND,—I want to appeal especially to readers with regard to the Young Workers' Victory Fund which is planning to collect £1,000 by January 1. Up till now the response has not been worthy of CHALLENGE readers, and that is why I'm writing a personal letter to you asking for your help.

In the past you have written to me asking for a pen pal, telling me about your work, exposing bad conditions and suggesting improvements, passing resolutions for the opening of the Second Front, making suggestions and asking for advice.

I have always enjoyed hearing from you and considered that helping you in any way I could was an important job.

So now I am appealing to you to help us get that £1,000 by January 1.

It sounds a lot of money but we are confident that we can do it, and that CHALLENGE readers will realise the urgency of the situation and will do their stuff with their usual enthusiasm and thoroughness.

This £1,000 is to develop CHALLENGE and other anti-fascist propaganda among youth; it is to help to organise among youth all sorts of activities which will help to defeat Hitler.

That means that it's directly concerned with each one of us. It means a bigger and better CHALLENGE; it means more posters and pamphlets; it means meetings, dances and concerts; more club premises, equipment and more full-time workers.

And most of all it means a great step forward in our job to defeat Hitler.

We in this office will give you all possible help and co-operation and suggestions how to raise money. Write and tell us what you can do.

Yours sincerely,

Jane Hope

YOUNG WORKERS' VICTORY FUND

Here is my contribution to help your campaign to build the unity of youth and speed the victory over Hitler.

Amount £ : s. d.

Name.....

Address.....

Cut this out and send to Young Workers' Victory Fund, c/o CHALLENGE, 150 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

WATCH FOR THIS

Next week we shall be publishing a special article by Miss Catherine Christian, Editor of "The Guide." On behalf of the million-strong Guide Movement, she welcomes the hand of comradeship held out by Mick Bennett in his recent article settling forth the views of the Young Communist League

Where and When

WANTED, "Rhonda Unity Theatre Group": Voluntary Pianist and added Choral Singers. Please apply 94a Dunraven Street, Tonypandy, Tuesday and Friday nights.

CARTAGE and REMOVALS, up to three tons. Fred Barker, 65 Lander Rd., S.W.9.

WANTED. A Junior Shorthand Typist. Apply Box 252.

WANTED. Back copies of CHALLENGE for 1941 urgently. Issues No. 2, 9, 30 for CHALLENGE Library Files.

Liverpool Victory Rally PICTON HALL

Saturday, Nov. 22, 7 p.m.
(Doors open 6.30)

FOUR SOVIET FILMS

Twinkling Fingers
Soviet Lithuania
This is Poland
Signing of Anglo-Soviet Pact
British and Soviet Folk Songs
by Merseyside Left Theatre
Choir. Community Singing.
**WORK — SERVE — FIGHT
FOR VICTORY**

YOUNG WORKERS' VICTORY FUND

presents

WEMBLEY TOWN HALL DANCE

On December 17th

HOLBORN HALL DANCE

On December 20th

CALEDONIAN Rd. BATHS DANCE

On December 27th

with

VICTOR SILVESTER

and HIS AMBASSADORS
BAND of B.B.C. DANCE
TEMPO FAME.

RHYTHM CLUB

SWING CLUBS GET TOGETHER

SEVERAL months ago a number of Rhythm Clubs in the North of England decided to amalgamate, and so successful was the project that it became obvious that a similar venture, bringing together the clubs in and around London, should be launched. A Federation of Southern Rhythm Clubs has now been formed and its inaugural meeting is to be held on Sunday, November 30th, at 140 Neasden Lane, N.W.10 (100 yards from Neasden Met. Station). Start at 6 p.m. sharp.

The Federation aims at promoting inter-club activity, and assisting smaller clubs by providing recitalists and musicians, who will be drawn from a panel set up for the purpose. A committee will be appointed and their names, together with a report of the discussion, will appear in a later issue. Joint Secretaries are myself and Eric Preston (founder of the N.W.3 group), and enquiries about the scheme should be made at Neasden address (above) or at No. 10 Keats Grove, N.W.3.

The *Melody Maker* has promised the scheme full support, and will be represented at the meeting by Bill Elliott, who takes the chair.

Max Jones

NEWS from the STATES

Many "hit" songs yet to be heard over here will be published in the near future. Reason is the settling of differences between the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers and the "Big Three" Radio networks. Disputes have lasted nearly a year.

Billie Holiday—most popular of the young Blues singers—eloped recently. This is Billie's first marriage.

Artie Shaw recently formed a 33-piece orchestra in New York. Band includes brassmen Lee Costaldo, "Lips" Page, George Arus and Ray Conniff. Mike Bryan is on guitar, Eddie McKinney on drums and Bonnie Lake handles the vocals. Shaw is trying to persuade Benny Carter to lead the Sax. team, but Benny seems to prefer bandleading to big money. Present section leader is Artie's old cornerman, Les Robinson, who worked with him in his string-brass outfit in 1936.

Last month's American Decca issues included three discs which I hope Brunswick will put out over here soon. Armstrong's "Hey, Lawdy Mama" and "Do You Call That a Buddy" are the choicest, but not far behind is a number by Mildred Bailey—"Sometimes I'm Happy," and two tea garden sides with Jack's glorious singing—"St. James' Infirmary" and "Black and Blue."

George Wettling—star drummer on hosts of Chicago recordings—has joined Marty Marsala's band.

Latest novel to use Jazz as its theme is *Send Me Down*, by Henry Steig, published in the U.S.A. by Knopf. The only books I've read with a Jazz motif are *Young Man With a Horn* and *Dance Band Murder Mystery*, so I'm hoping for a British edition of Steig's effort.

CLAES COMES TO TOWN



(Courtesy *Melody Maker*)

THE Claes outfit appeared at a series of Town Halls during week November 3-8th, and huge crowds gave an enthusiastic reception to the bands and Harry Parry who joined Claes for a special jam session.

I went to the Wembley and Chiswick dances, and my only dig is at the audiences, which seemed slightly ickie, either clapping on the second and fourth or requesting "pops"—in any case hamstringing Johnny's attempts to put over decent Jazz.

Derek Neville's alto work was outstanding—I hope he will be included in a Radio Rhythm Club programme soon—while Claes showed he can play as interesting Jazz as anyone around, but "tops" for me were Benny Lee's vocals and the terrific tenoring of Aubrey Franks.

Peter Duffell writes from Wycombe that the show there was a great success, and says a big hand was given to the local Rhythm Club group which played during breaks. They are directed by George Oliver—ex-Harris, Forsyth and Melachrino saxophonist. Relief band at the other dances was the N.W.3 outfit, led by Andre Goersh.

An opportunity for Cardiff fans to hear Johnny and the boys occurs on 23rd of this month at the Capital Cinema, and they will appear at Colwyn Bay on 30th.

An open letter to young men on

The Subject of Girls



"THERE'S a smashing bit of stuff down at the newsagents!" How often do we in the army hear that sort of remark!

It's a funny thing that we ordinary working-class chaps who discuss seriously all manner of problems, science, religion, politics, simply lose our heads when women come into the conversation and either talk like playboys or Victorian stuffed shirts.

One chap triumphantly produces an article he's found that says girls have no right to claim equality with men so long as they treasure such privileges as being given seats in buses, having their new dress praised, having doors opened for them!

Any human being, male or female, appreciates politeness and attention.

OTHER chaps don't like a girl getting the same pay as a man for the same work. Or they say, "I'm damned if I'd let my wife work." They seem to have the same idea of the sweet, domestic, little wife waiting obediently at home for her soldier lord and master, as the Nazis claimed to before they needed female labour in their factories.

Then there are the chaps who claim that the physical differences between men and women make

women inferior because they can't do this or that.

And of course there are the Don Juans who find themselves new girls in every town but heaven help the wife or girl friend at home if they try the same game.

NOW let's get this straight. As working-class chaps I think it's high time we got rid of this out-of-date and degrading attitude and realised that girls are exactly the same as we are with the same lives, hopes and feelings, as gifted and able as we are, our equals and partners in life.

It's the rich who marry for money, property, to help their careers, get influence or society connections, to have an heir to inherit their fortunes, or to acquire a pretty girl as their own personal private property. (That's called marrying for love!)

But we working-class chaps don't marry for any of these reasons. We want a girl who will be a comrade, whom we can trust and respect. Someone who'll work and play with us. Someone with whom we'll be proud to have kids with.

We don't marry to get an unpaid housekeeper or a "bit of stuff."

IN Russia women are treated as the exact equals of men. This is not just easy words. Their rights

A certain judge achieved notoriety last week with his opinion that "wives should be spanked." In this article PRIVATE FRANK JAMES deals with the general attitude of men towards girls and appeals for a radical change. What do you think?

are guaranteed to them by the Constitution which contains a definite clause guaranteeing full and absolute equality of women with men, and providing for equal pay, provision for mothers, etc.

Not only this. The Socialist State has so educated men and women that this equality is now something quite natural to them.

NOW, when women in Britain are playing such a tremendous part in the war effort it is up to us to try to break down not only economic and political barriers, but mental barriers too.

SO why don't we change this attitude of ours, even if we're only joking in casual conversation (because even that's a hint of what our real opinions are) and treat women as the equals they are and help them to get the equal opportunities they deserve.

UNITY THEATRE

A programme of One-Act Plays which vividly depict the many-sided struggles of the people of Britain. Germany and Soviet Union against oppression.

Saturday, 6 p.m., Sunday 2.30 and 6 p.m. Tickets 1/6, 2/6 and 3/6.

Members and Affiliates only.

Membership 2/-. Apply Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

DAILY WORKER GREAT PRESS FREEDOM RALLY

to demand
the lifting of the ban
Speakers: S. O. Davies, M.P.,
Joe Goss, T. L. Horabin,
M.P., J. H. Potts, N.U.R. and
William Rust.

Music by Unity Music Group

STOLL THEATRE,
Kingsway, W.C.2.

Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2.30 p.m.
Reserved seats 1s. and 6d. from Daily
Worker Leagues, 150 Southampton
Row, W.C.1.

Daily Worker Re-Union Dance

VICTOR SILVESTER
and His Orchestra
with Alan Kane singing

HOLBORN HALL,
Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

SAT., NOV. 29, 7-10.30 p.m.

Tickets - - - - 2s. 6d.
from Daily Worker Leagues,
150 Southampton Row, W.C.1



Jane Hope and You

REFUGEES

IN September six well-known anti-fascists were removed from one camp in Canada to a camp reserved for Italian fascists. This was because they had protested against the pro-Nazi sympathies and trouble-making attitude of other internees.

It makes your blood boil to think that refugees from Nazi oppression were in a camp with prisoners of war when negotiations for exchanges of prisoners between Britain and Germany were in progress.

Londoner.

NEW READER

IHAVE watched CHALLENGE steadily improve since I started reading it five months ago. I guess my favourite pages are yours and George Sinfield's.

I think the Russian resistance is magnificent and has given hope and inspiration to all the oppressed peoples. Nothing would please me more than to see Britain open a Western Front and wipe the Nazis off the face of the earth.

Irene Leeming, Liverpool.

I've passed on your appreciation to George. Like you we are all determined to do our share by opening up a front on the West.

THE INSIDE TRUTH

IHAVE seen a film called "Comrade X," starring Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr. This film is called "An exposure of the Soviet Union," and "The inside truth about Russia."

Words fail me (and I usually consider myself quite eloquent) to describe my revulsion that at a

time when Russia is fighting so magnificently for its very existence—and ours too—that the British Board of Film Censors permits such a monstrosity to be screened all over this country.

This film must be banned.

Soviet Supporter, age 19.

I heartily agree with you. Local Anglo-Soviet Committees and other progressive organisations should protest to cinema managers or even consider picketing the cinema like they do in America.

SECOND FRONT

IT is very fine to read in your page of the

armament stores. You can guess that it's a pretty important job.

Last week 3,000 labour hours were lost while we were inspected by a retired General.

J. R., Shropshire.

It certainly is a scandal. Any other readers who have had similar experiences?

NO MOORE-BRABAZON

MANY CHALLENGE

readers must have been disgusted by a recent newsreel showing the Duke of Gloucester on a tour of inspection of the Rock of Gibraltar defences.

A picture of the Governor's mansion showed us several high

Between Ourselves

DEAR READERS,—The first letter today tells the story of six interned anti-Fascists in Canada, but unfortunately they are only six of many sufferers.

Again and again we hear of anti-Fascist refugee doctors, scientists, musicians, either interned or earning their living addressing envelopes. I know a woman doctor myself who is employed as a domestic servant.

These men and women are our allies. They deserve all we can do to help them, by writing to our M.P.s, passing resolutions in our Trade Unions and other organisations. And we need their help in the war effort.

Yours sincerely,

Jane Hope

attitude of the lads in the Services regarding the opening of the Second Front.

In my unit too the lads would sooner be taking their chance now rather than waiting until we may have to face the Nazi war-machine on our own.

Private X,

Somewhere-in-Yorkshire.

Good going. You'll get your chance.

ESSENTIAL WORK

IAM in the Ordnance Corps and our job is selecting and dispatching

officials from Fascist Spain enjoying British hospitality.

How is it possible that Britain in time of anti-fascist struggle allows Fascists to stroll over Britain's number one strategic positions?

It is only possible with people like Hoare, Halifax, Moore-Brabazon and the like holding important Government positions.

T. G. and N. B.,
West Salford.

Your last sentence hits the nail on the head. They must be cleared out.

PROTEST

WHY all this Vansittart jingoism of late, culminating in Mick Bennett's article? Such phrases as "sadistic delight in killing women and children" and "blood-thirsty cannibals" are unworthy of a youth leader previously teaching internationalism and unnecessary to mobilise our youth against Fascism.

R.A.S.C. Corporal.

My statements about the German youth are plain facts which interviews with prisoners by the Red Army fully bear out. The reason for it is that the young people of Germany have been kept out of industry and trained through Labour Service camps, the army and the Hitler Youth until they have in the main absorbed the Nazi doctrines and become morally corrupt.

Of course there is a small minority among the German Youth who are courageously holding aloft the banner of anti-Fascism. By smashing the Fascist troops we shall help them to take the lead of the mass upsurge.

Mick Bennett.

PEN-PALS

IWOULD like to hear from all readers who have been put in touch with pen-pals through the medium of this page.

Let me know how your correspondence is going.

Jane Hope.

Jane Hope wants to hear from you. She wants to know your problems; your experiences at work or at your club; what you are doing to help defeat Hitler. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you want a personal reply. Make your

ON THE SCREEN

ROBERT NEWTON, who was a tough guy in **MAJOR BARBARA** stars as an even tougher old Scot in **HATTER'S CASTLE** (Paramount). He is the stuff of which tyrants are made and his egoism and ruthlessness make him cast his daughter out of doors in a howling storm, kill his wife, and make his son shoot himself.

The film is produced by Lance Comfort, England's youngest producer, and the actors include Deborah Kerr—(of **LOVE ON THE DOLE**) Emlyn Williams and James Mason.

This is a No. 1 film and don't miss it.

★

IF Deanna Durbin doesn't stop being Daddy's Darling Daughter soon she will ruin her career.

She has a lovely voice and a nice sense of comedy, both of which she displays in **IT STARTED WITH EVE** (G.F.D.), but the dear old Daddy—who is this time her father-in-law-to-be and Charles Laughton at that—makes the show nearly revoltingly sentimental.

I felt quite hurt and surprised to see her marry the spineless son in the end.

★

RUSSIAN SALAD is a new short hot from the Leningrad film studios of music, dance and song. The Ballet and Opera are superb, and the Railwaymen's Union Jazz Band is not so hot.

IF you want to see American Kings Regulations guyed and the whole Army Red Tape pulled to pieces go and see the hilarious comedy **TANKS A MILLION** (United Artists). I laughed myself sick. So will you.

DON'T on any account, however, see **THE GREAT AWAKENING** (United Artists) starring Ilona Massey. It's about Schubert and the Editor has censored what I said about it.



Robert Newton, seen here as Bill Walker in the film "Major Barbara," is starring in the new Paramount production "Hatter's Castle."

Stardust

Orson Welles, sensational producer of **CITIZEN KANE**, is now working on a film featuring Duke Ellington and his band. It will be in "glorious" technicolour. Personally I'm looking forward to this.

Fans of Dorothy Lamour and her sarong—which so far seem indivisible—will be glad to know that Paramount are now starring her in another passionate jungle romance called "**ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**."

Hank's "M" Campaign

II.

THE first M stands for **MUDDLEHEADS—**

And let them shiver in their beds—

Who issue forms in triplicate
To make the honest worker late,

And tie himself in knots to sign

His name on page VI (a) 59.

They cringe before all bureaucrats,

And flatter colonels and brass hats.

They fix the price of goods to sell,

And when they vanish say "Well, well."

It's time we ceased to stand and gape

And gagged them with their own Red Tape.

Hank

If I hear much more about **THE YOUNG MR. PITT**, Twentieth Century Fox's newest, greatest, biggest, most expensive film, I shall scream. If it doesn't come up to expectations there'll be coitins.

Look out for **MEN OF NORWAY**, new March of Time release. It shows how the youth of Norway are fighting to free their country from the bonds of Nazi occupation and how Norwegians all over the world are joining up to smash Hitler.

Star-Gazer

Great Mobilization Meeting

Sunday, Nov. 30 at 3 p.m.

Doors open 2.30 p.m.

KING'S HALL,

Belle Vue, Manchester

For a Second Front Now!

Speakers: Wm. Gallacher, M.P., Harry Pollitt, Pat Devine, Flo Mitton.

Tickets - - - 6d. to 5/-
Admission to Gardens after 10 a.m.

Russia Fights by MICHAEL MACALPIN

This thrilling record of the heroic resistance of the Russian people is up-to-date, authoritative and concise. From Mr. MacAlpin's spirited writing we gain an understanding of the determination with which they are fighting, of the sacrifices they are making and of the necessity for ensuring that they do not fight alone.

1/6 net

You must read—

On Lenin by Stalin - 6d net

LAWRENCE & WISHART

GOOD OLD

I HAD heard so much about this Ivan Semyonovich chap. Any time you mentioned A.R.P. work in our district of Moscow his name would crop up. It was "Ivan Semyonovich said this," "Ivan Semyonovich suggested that . . ." So in the end I decided to investigate this mysterious person.

I arrived at an A.R.P. post. A bunch of fine strapping lads were there, strong and capable looking. Their leader must be a hero all right, I thought.

Imagine my surprise when I met Ivan Semyonovich—a puny little grey-haired old man.

He was quick to notice my embarrassment and read my thoughts.

"Yes," he said a little defiantly. "I am sixty-four years old and retired on a pension. I used to be a house-painter."

WHEN war was declared he went to his house committee and presented a document to say that he "declared himself mobilised until the final annihilation of the Fascist abomination and undertook to fulfil all obligations in the defence of houses from air attack."

Then he got busy. He collected fire equipment. He collected people to work the equipment. I asked him how he did it all.

"It's all a question of the right approach," he said, twirling his grey moustache. "That's what you need in dealing with people. For instance, we had one chap in our house, a very respectable citizen—yes, you should see his grand whiskers—but full of the wrong ideas.

"As soon as it got dark he used to make a bee-line for the air-raid shelter. Never, mind, I thought to myself, I'll cure him. I tipped off

the women in the shelter—and they knew what to do. They gave it to him good and proper. Pretty soon he came slinking along.

"Ivan Semyonovich," he says, "for goodness sake give me some thing to do. Those women will be the death of me."

"Well, now he's manning a hose right at the top of the house, as brave as they make them. That's the right approach for you."

A Report from Moscow by Soviet author YZOVSKY

SO we went up on the roof. I realised then that the roof was to Ivan Semyonovich like a ship's bridge is to a captain. Everything was in ship-shape order: spades, axes, hooks, fire-tongs, piles of sand, fire-hoses and stirrup pumps. His eye landed on an empty bucket.

"Hey, Sasha—what's this?"

"Plenty of time to refill it before nightfall," said Sasha.

"That's what you say. And supposing the siren goes this minute . . . what then? Go on, jump to it lad."



COMRADE

When I sat down he took this for a sign of weakness.

"Feeling a little tired," he said. "Poor chap, it's on account of your youth. When you reach my age you'll have more strength and experience."

I HEARD afterwards how during a raid he had worked all night, going from point to point helping wherever the danger was greatest. Always a cheery word of encouragement. No wonder the people in his team are so fond of him.

When one of his men was burned on the face he helped to tend him.

"There'll be a red mark there," the man said.

"Where . . . ?" cried Ivan Semyonovich. "I can't see any red mark. Nonsense, man—you're handsomer than ever."

When I left this unheroic-looking sixty-four-year-old hero, I mentioned that I intended to write something about him in the papers. He beamed with pleasure.

"Now that's fine," he said. "That's what I call the right approach." Coming closer to me, he added in a confidential whisper, "You can't imagine how nice it is to read about yourself in the papers. Gives you a real thrill."

TIP FOR SAFETY, RAZOR USERS

No. 4 THE CUTTING SPEED. All steels have their different cutting speeds. Feel for the speed of your blades, and don't impatiently exceed it. That merely blunts the blade and causes you discomfort.



Sheffield's finest razor steel. Made in a 40-hour-week factory. Supplied to wholesalers only.